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TWO SERMONS WITH A PREFACE SHEWING The AUTHOR's Reaſons for publiſhing them.

By *THOMAS CRADOCK*, Rector of St. *Thomas's* in *Baltimore* County.

Rebus anguſtis animoſus atque
Fortis appare;——

Doctrina ſed vim promovet inſitam
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.

HORACE.

ANNAPOLIS:
Printed and Sold by JONAS GREEN, MDCCXLVII.

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WITH A

PREFACE

SHEWING

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PREFACE.

FOR a Man to publish Discourses, as I here am obliged to do, without daring to revise them, is a very uncommon Circumstance; and such, I believe, as very few or none have had Occasion to submit to besides myself. But as I am villainously accus'd of Want of a due Regard to my Prince, and of an undue Attachment to the Enemy of my Religion and Liberty; I should not deal with Honour by the Public, if I do not give what I here offer, as a Vindication of my Innocence, just in the same Manner as I preach'd them to the Audience: I solemnly assure them that I do; and I hope those, before whom these Discourses were delivered, will be willing to assert, as far as they are able, that there is nothing in the least added to them.

I know that they are very unfit for the Press; and indeed how can they be otherwise, when they just cost me two Mornings a-piece in composing them, and that between the Hours of Nine and One? but then I knew, whatever I said would be favourably received by the Audience; and therefore that made me more remiss in the Composition. But had I ever suspected, I must have made use of them in my Justification, I would have spent more Time about them, and, as much as I could, have made them an agreeable Entertainment to the Reader: Now I can't do that; for, if I make any Alteration in them, they are not the Discourses that I preach'd, and consequently not full and proper Evidence of my Innocence and Integrity. And I will venture to say, that if I were not innocent, I should have such a Consciousness of Guilt, as would

quite deſtroy all my Reſolution, and unfit me for making any Defence at all.

THE firſt of theſe Diſcourſes was preach'd at St. *Paul*'s Church, the 23d of *April*, being St. *George*'s Day, before a Society of Gentlemen, who keep that Day up in Honour of their Country. Myſelf was one of the Stewards, and the other was abſent. I had applied to the Rev. Mr. *Chaſe*, the Rector of the Pariſh, to preach on that Day; and he deſired I would ſupply his Place, becauſe he was obliged at that Time to be abſent; which, rather than the Gentlemen ſhould be diſappointed, I accordingly yielded to. The Reports then about the Rebellion were favourable, tho' not certain; however, tho' the Subject I preach'd upon had nothing to do with it, yet I could not forbear diſcovering the natural Ardor of my Soul, and the inward Satisfaction I enjoy'd at ſo happy a Proſpect. The conſidering myſelf as an ENGLISHMAN, a Proteſtant, a Miniſter of a Proteſtant Church, forced me to ſhew the ſincere Joy I felt, and the hearty Abhorrence I had of a ſlaviſh Subjection either in Religion or Polity. This I have done towards the latter End of this Diſcourſe; and I leave the Reader to judge, whether I muſt not be an inconſiſtent Fellow indeed, to ſeize an Opportunity, when no immediate Occaſion call'd me to it, to teſtify my Zeal for the preſent Eſtabliſhment; and yet, in private, before three or four People, who I knew pretended themſelves ſtanch Adherents to his Majeſty's Intereſt (tho' I'll be bold to ſay, not truer Subjects, nor greater Lovers of his Perſon, than myſelf), refuſe to drink his Health, and propoſe, and drink the Pretender's; and this at a * Time too, when no Rebellion was on Foot; or, however, it was not known in any of his Majeſty's Colonies.

THE other Diſcourſe I preach'd at my own Pariſh Church, on the Day ſet apart by his Excellency the Governor and his Council, to give Thanks to Almighty GOD, for the Succeſs he had given his Highneſs the Duke, againſt the Rebels; and I am ſure, his Majeſty had not a Subject in his Province, that more heartily join'd in the general Joy than myſelf.** This Diſcourſe plainly ſpeaks for itſelf,

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* The Time I was accus'd of doing this, was the 1ſt Day of *Auguſt*, 1745.

** An Inſtance of this, ſome of my Pariſhioners were pleas'd to remember, how that, upon their going to Mr. *Metcalfe*'s, a Houſe of Entertainment, after Sermon, purpoſely to be merry on this Occaſion,

itſelf, the whole Tenor of it ſhewing the true Sentiments of my Heart. 'Tis true, I have not enter'd into the Nature of Rebellion, becauſe I preach'd to a People, who, of all others, were moſt unlikely to incur the Guilt of it; but I have diſplay'd to them the Horrors of a civil War, that I might inſpire them with Pity for their ſuffering Fellow Subjects: I have told them the monſtrous Hardſhips of an abſolute Government, and a blind and ſuperſtitious Religion, which they muſt have endured, had our Enemies ſucceeded, that they might thank GOD for his providential Protection of them; and laſtly, I have ſhewed them the Happineſs of his Majeſty's Subjects, under his mild and gentle Sway, that they might be ſenſible of what they enjoy, and pray to GOD for the Continuance of it in his Perſon and Family. Will then, can any Man reaſonably ſuppoſe, that I, who have thus teach'd others their Intereſt and Duty too, ſhould be inſenſible of my own; or that I was not aware, that the one was ſo link'd and connected with the other, that by failing in one, I muſt likewiſe forfeit the other? To me (who indeed am the ſuffering Perſon), this makes my Innocance ſo clear, that I muſt own, I am almoſt confident my Accuſer's Villainy will not prevail againſt me.

INDEED, I have all the Evidence I can deſire (as far as the Nature of it will go) to clear me; and that of a Man too, who I am ſure would not ſpare the deareſt Friend he has in the World, if he knew him guilty againſt his Majeſty. But what I rather look upon as the greateſt Proof of my Innocence, is the earneſt Deſire I have to ſee myſelf clear'd. The Fellow went about, and ſaid in various Companies that I had drank the Pretender's Health; at laſt he had the Impudence to tell me of it himſelf, and to inſult me moſt vilely upon it; and that before a Gentleman, who told me, he had heard him mention it before, and further, that he himſelf begun to fear it was true. This alarm'd me, I knew my Innocence, but this was no Satisfaction to the World; and if I had taken no Notice, when I had heard myſelf thus accuſed, who is there

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cation, my Wife and I call'd along with them, and I treated them with a Glaſs of Wine; and myſelf propos'd the Healths of *his Majeſty*, the *Prince* and *Princeſs* of *Wales*, the *Duke*, *Succeſs to their Arms*, and *Confuſion to their Enemies:* And more than that, tho' I went home for the preſent, yet in the Afternoon I went back to them again, which they themſelves obſerv'd was not uſual for me to do.

there that would not think me guilty? Thus was I obliged to make my own Innocence manifeſt, and don't at all doubt being able to do it.

He accuſes me, as being guilty at a Time, when there can be the leaſt Reaſon to ſuppoſe it, and when I muſt be the greateſt Fool in the World, even if my Inclinations were that Way, to have ſhew'd them. As ſoon as Dinner was over, e'er I had ſcarce drank one Glaſs, I did——What? Refuſe his Majeſty's Health, and drink the Pretender's. Was I infatuated? Was I tir'd of my Reputation, of my Honour, of the only Thing I held valuable? and did I want to be a Dog, to be deſpiſed and ſhun'd by every true Subject, every honeſt Man? For had I not taken the Oaths to his Majeſty? Had I not abjur'd the Pretender, and that at the Altar? O my God! Is it poſſible to ſuppoſe me guilty after all this? at a Time too, when I was cool and moderate, and Reaſon, if ſhe has any Power over me at all, muſt have exerted it.

'Tis true, had I been diſcompos'd with Liquor, if ever I had ſuch Sentiments, I might then have diſcloſed them; But I appeal to all that know me, to every Companion of my gayeſt and moſt unguarded Hours, when Reaſon moſt laments the Loſs of her Influence over me, and when Paſſions and Prejudices, and all the powerful Weakneſſes of human Nature, make dreadful Havock of the Mind, and lay all waſte and open there; if then, even then, they ever heard me plead the Cauſe of Rebellion, ever knew me drop one unbecoming Word of my Royal Maſter, of that Royal Maſter, whom I have ſworn Allegiance to, and whoſe Cauſe and Perſon I am ready to defend with the laſt Drop of Blood I have: If they have, let them come forth and accuſe me; let them diſcover the Traytor and the Villain, the Villain that has falſified his Oath to his God and his King, which I certainly have, if I am guilty. This is bold, 'tis true; but Innocence is always ſo; in Adverſity more eſpecially, and the ſoreſt Adverſity that can befall a Man, is the Loſs of his Honour and Reputation; and the greateſt Aggravation of that (except Blaſphemy againſt his God) is the being accus'd of Treachery againſt his King, God's Vicegerent below. It ſtands me much in Stead then, to clear up my Character, and to defend the Innocence of my Heart againſt all Accuſers.

I have been taught from my Youth up to fear God, and to honour the King; both which, however negligent I may have been thought of the former, yet in the main I've endeavour'd to do; and againſt the latter I am confident I have not offended. If I have, it muſt be known;

known; free, open, unſuſpecting, ſhould I not have betrayed myſelf? Who, that knows me, knows not my Conduct? Who ever ſaw a cloudy Thought upon my Brow, or knew me betray one Suſpicion? So far from ſuſpecting others, moſt of my Friends have frequently told me, my Openneſs and Sincerity border too much upon Indiſcretion; yet none but this Man can inform againſt me, and this at a Time too, that I had not any great Intimacy with him, and frequented his Houſe only for the Sake of the Gentleman that boarded there. 'Tis true, I was more intimate afterwards (to my Shame I ſpeak it); but I durſt (if he was not a Villain) appeal to himſelf, if he ever heard me, while in his Houſe, indiſcreet as I am, ever mention one traiterous Word. Out of the Abundance of the Heart the Mouth ſpeaketh; and certainly, had I been a Rebel in my Mind, I muſt have betray'd myſelf. But I flatter myſelf I have Evidence ſufficient to the contrary, and that when there appear'd moſt Shew of Danger, and Fame was big with Hyberboles in Favour of the Rebels, I then diſtinguiſh'd my Principles, and promoted, as far as I could, Loyalty and Obedience to his Majeſty among the People.

More particularly, when the Report was ſtrong that the Duke was defeated, and a certain Gentleman, whoſe Religion might influence him too far, read a Letter in my Pariſh, that confirm'd the Report, I then endeavour'd all I could to diſcredit it, and to ſhew the Unlikelihood of the Truth of it. This certainly is not the Behaviour of a Favourer of the Cauſe, and I ſhould at leaſt have been ſtill, if I had wiſh'd its Succeſs.

In ſhort, my Education, my Intereſt, my unfeigned Love of Liberty, but above all, my ſtrong Attachment to that holy Church, in whoſe Boſom I have been cheriſh'd, and inſtructed in all the noble Sentiments becoming the Goſpel of *Chriſt* (however I have improv'd myſelf in them), and which has ſtood, and I hope for ever will ſtand, the Bulwark and Support of the Proteſtant Religion, are all Arguments for me againſt my Accuſer; and I cant help ſhewing a Confidence, that that God, who has called me to ſerve at his Altar, will make my Innocence appear; however, to the Eyes of all impartial Obſervers. But, be it as it will, Patience and Submiſſion are moſt neceſſary Requiſites in his Miniſters; and I hope he'll give me Grace ſufficient, whatever be the Event, to ſhew myſelf obedient to his Diſpenſations, merciful and forgiving to my Accuſer, and true to my Prince; King *George* I mean, who I ſincerely pray may long and happily reign over a faithful People, and be the

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Delicia of his Subjects, as long as it pleases GOD to continue him among us; and when he's taken from us (which, Oh! may it be very late), that his Children and Children's Children may enjoy the Throne of GREAT BRITAIN for ever. *AMEN.*

Baltimore, November 22, 1746.

T. CRADOCK.

Innocent Mirth not inconsistent with Religion.

A

SERMON

Preach'd *April* the 23d, 1745, in St. *Paul's* Church.

Proverbs xvii. 22. *A merry Heart doth Good like a Medicine.*

THE *Proverbs* of *Solomon* are justly esteemed the noblest System of moral Philosophy: No part of human Virtue, but is there recommended and applauded; no part of human Vice, but is there decried and objected against: The Beauties of the one are painted forth in the brightest Colours; and the Deformities of the other are set out in the most hideous Dress: The King and the Peasant are there alike taught their Duty, and their Happiness; and Majesty and Humility there walk Hand in Hand together.

AND it is not only the greater Virtues and Vices, that thus employ the Pen of the ready Writer; but also those lesser Excellencies, so useful to the adorning of humane Life, are displayed, and the lower Foibles and Follies of Mankind are exposed. Among the rest, he thought it not unbecoming his high Wisdom, to speak in favour of *a merry Heart*, and to mention it as ornamental of a

wiſe and good Man. In the 15th Chapter, and 18th Verſe, he tells us, that *a merry Heart maketh a chearful Countenance*; and in the Words of my Text, that *a merry Heart doth Good like a Medicine*; by both of them diſplaying the Wiſdom of a chearful and jovial Diſpoſition, and the good Effects it has on the animal Oeconomy of the Man that is bleſt with it; namely, that it gives an harmonious Turn to his outward Form, makes him look pleaſant and agreeable to others; and likewiſe affords Health, Eaſe, and Satisfaction to himſelf. I ſhall, in my further Diſcourſe, ſpeak,

Firſt, To the Juſtneſs of the Royal Author's Remark; and,

Secondly, Apply it to the Occaſion of our preſent Meeting.

For the *Firſt*,——'Tis too juſt an Objection to ſome Divines, that they have dreſs'd up Religion in ſuch a gloomy, frightening Manner, that they have quite taken away the Beauty and Comelineſs of it, and have ſcared Mankind from following it's Precepts; as if thereby they muſt deprive themſelves of every Thing grateful and acceptable in Life; as if a gay ſocial Temper was inconſiſtent with true Piety, and unbecoming one that makes Profeſſion of the Goſpel of *Chriſt*; Whereas nothing can do Religion more Diſſervice than the promoting ſuch an Opinion as this. The Goſpel, which our bleſſed Lord came down to preach to us, was the Goſpel of Peace and Conſolation; he came to give Eaſe to our wounded Conſciences, and to eſtabliſh Joy and Tranquility in our Hearts; he came to aſſure to us the Certainty of a happy Futurity, and to ſhew us the certain and infallible Road to it. And can a gloomy untoward Soul anſwer the Ends of his coming? can a moroſe Phariſaic Temper be ſuitable to ſo bleſſed a Deſign of our Lord's? Can the Ends of *Chriſt*'s Goſpel be promoted by Means directly contrary to the Temper of it? And muſt we mourn and grieve, or at leaſt grow ſullen and ſevere, becauſe the Son of God was ſo graciouſly condeſcending, as to come down and die for the Happineſs of his Creatures? Certainly no; ſo long as our Chearfulneſs is ſupported with Innocence, ſo long we more fully anſwer the Intent of our Lord and Maſter.

Besides, were we not form'd for Society? Were we not born to be ſociable? And can that Society be carried on without a chearful and benevolent Diſpoſition? How can a Man be deſirous to promote the Happineſs and Benefit of his Neighbour, when he has not a Soul ſuſceptible of generous Sentiments; when he's wholly abſorb'd in himſelf, and looks with an evil Eye on every Thing hearty and ſociable? Can that Soul promote Harmony that hath

no

no Harmony in itſelf? Will the Violin pleaſe the Ear with it's Voice, when it's Strings are broken; or who can ſay the Hautboy joins the Concert, when in the Hands of an unſkilful Player? No; the moroſe, ſurly, unchearful Man can never anſwer the End of his Creation; he can never be the good Man, nor the good *Chriſtian*; the good Neighbour, or the good Friend: He may ſay what he will; but if he wants *a merry Heart*, he wants a very great Characteriſtic of a human Mind.

And pray, what are the good Things of this World given us for, but to poſſeſs and enjoy them in a rational Manner? Not to abuſe them indeed, but to uſe them like Men; chearfully, gratefully; as our Servants, to furniſh to us the Comforts of Life; and as the Donations of that Great and Good Providence, who never denies us any Thing that is fitting for us. In my Opinion, 'twould be an ungrateful Return to the Kind and Almighty Giver, ſurlily to refuſe them, and gloomily to cry out, *Why haſt thou given me theſe?* And as much as this does every miſtaken Man, who places Religion in Gloominеſs, and calls a ſorrowful Countenance, and a ſullen Behaviour, true Piety and Godlineſs: Such godly Souls may flatter themſelves that they are good Men; and ſhake their Heads, and pity the prudently gay and chearful: For me, I ſay of them as the good Patriarch *Jacob* does of his two Sons, *Simeon* and *Levi*; *O my Soul, come not thou into their Secret; with their Aſſembly, mine Honour, be not thou united.*

I HOPE none of this Aſſembly will be ſo ungenerous as to think that, becauſe I ſpeak ſo much in favour of a merry and chearful Heart, I throw out Gravity and Seriouſneſs from amongſt us: No; they too, on proper Occaſions, are excellent Qualities, and neceſſary in the Compoſition of every *Chriſtian*: But as the wiſe Author of my Text elſewhere tells us, *To every Thing there is a Seaſon, and a Time to every Purpoſe under Heaven: A Time to weep, and a Time to laugh; a Time to mourn, and a Time to dance.* There are Seaſons, when a grave and ſerious Deportment is abſolutely neceſſary; as more particularly, when we meet in the ſolemn Place we are now in; or whenever our Religion requires our Attendance; and indeed, on many and various Occaſions: But ſtill there ought to be a Chearfulneſs even in Devotion itſelf; and that Man is the Man of true Wiſdom, as well as true Piety, who knows how to diſtinguiſh between Times and Occaſions, and is neither grave nor gay out of Seaſon.

MIRTH then, as long as it is attended with Prudence and Innocence, is ſo far from being criminal, that it is Praiſe worthy; and ſurely 'tis then chiefly ſo, when we meet together upon particular Occaſions; when we meet to celebrate the Honour of our Country, to congratulate one another on being ENGLISHMEN and BRITONS (ENGLISHMEN, I ſay, and BRITONS, born free, and with Hearts reſolved to maintain our Freedom); and unanimouſly to relieve and aſſiſt each other, on account of our national Relation.

IT has been a Cuſtom among all polite Nations, *Chriſtian* as well as *Heathen*, to have ſuch particular Days; and it is obſervable, that on thoſe Days they gave a looſe to Mirth, indulged the gayer Paſſions, and ſuffered nothing to reign amongſt them but good Fellowſhip and Sociality. And this the wiſeſt and beſt Men readily came into, and thought they did no Violence to their wonted Gravity and Serioufneſs by ſuch an Indulgence: And he was always reckoned a moroſe and *Cynical* Fellow indeed, who would carp and quarrel at ſuch innocent Meetings.

'TWAS then the Wine look'd lovely in the Glaſs, taſted ſweet to the ſobereſt and moſt temperate Mind; 'twas then the Ox and the Ram were chearfully devoted to the Ax, even by thoſe, who at other Times were moſt abſtemious. 'Twas then they crowned themſelves with the choiceſt Flowers, and enrich'd their Bodies with the moſt elegant Perfumes: Then did the ſkilful Artiſt ſtring moſt raviſhingly his Lyre, and the heavenly Voice exerted itſelf in chanting forth moſt melodiouſly the Praiſes of it's Country: Then the jocund Youth and ſportful Fair join'd in the ſprightly Dance together, and mov'd to the Meaſures of the ſounding Inſtrument; while the Old and Grey-headed would look with Eyes of Tranſport on their mirthful Offspring, and with Tears of Joy cry out, *So were we in our Youth; thus we danc'd and thus we ſung, thus danc'd and ſung, in Honour of our Forefathers; in Honour of our Country, of our Liberties, of our Religion!* Then no illnatur'd Murmurs were heard; no invidious Remarks, no ſpiteful Reflections made; but all was one delightful Harmony, one univerſal Concord. Then was no bewailing their own Misfortunes, no repining at another's Felicity; but all their Sorrows were drowned in the flowing Goblet, were loſt in the Muſic, and in the Dance. Then was there no ripping up of old Grievances, no revengeful and unforgiving Spirit; but all was Peace, all was Joy, all was Unity: Then the Affairs of Life, and the Intrigues of Buſineſs, had no Intereſt in their Hearts; but all gave place to Mirth and Jollity, to

Chearfulneſs and Unanimity. Thus did the Warriours, the Sages, the good Men of old, at proper Times indulge themſelves; and thus the Royal Bard, the Man after GOD's own Heart, did often tune his Harp upon ſuch chearful Occaſions.

IF then any ſuch are here, who cavil at our ſprightly Behaviour to-day, who call our Mirth Folly, and our Chearfulneſs Madneſs; *procul, procul abſint Profani*; away, away with them; let them have no Part nor Portion with us; let them pride themſelves in their pretended Piety, their affected Gravity, their ſolemn Preciſeneſs; we envy, we value them not; but ſcorn to ſubmit to their ill-natur'd, their ill-tim'd Cenſures.

YES, my Brethren, and Fellow-Countrymen, let us remember what we are, whence we come, and whom we ſprung from; that we are BRITONS; that we are the Sons of thoſe who valued Life leſs than Liberty, and readily gave their Blood to leave that Liberty to their Poſterity. Let us remember what Right every ENGLISHMAN enjoys, and that the proudeſt of us all cannot, dares not oppreſs his meaneſt, loweſt Brother. And, oh! let us chiefly remember, that we can chuſe our Religion likewiſe, and need not tamely, baſely ſubmit to the ſlaviſh Yoak of a *Roman Pontiff*; a Yoak, which, I hope, I may now boldly ſay, our proud Enemies attempted to put on us in vain; and which every honeſt Man would have rejected, with the Loſs of his laſt Blood. Theſe, all theſe, let us remember; and then, can we be otherwiſe than merry and joyful? can we do otherwiſe than ſing and dance, and pour forth our very Souls, in grateful Acknowlegements to the divine Being? Theſe are Bleſſings indeed! For Happineſs, great like this, well may we meet together; well may we congratulate one another.

LET us then all, with one Accord, join in the general Joy; but ſtill let us conſider, that we muſt have Wiſdom in our Mirth; that it ought to be ſeaſoned with Prudence, and conducted with Innocence; and that nothing ought to be done or ſaid at this Time, that is unbecoming either the brave and honeſt Man, or the good and pious Chriſtian. Let our young Men then be decently merry; let them uſe no looſe diſagreeable Liberty, no Wantonneſs in their Actions, no Immodeſty in their Words. Let not the lovely Cheek of the Fair be ſtain'd with a Bluſh, through the illmannerly Expreſſion of one unguarded Tongue; let not their ſnowy Boſoms tremble with Shame, at the looſe Behaviour of one inconſiderate Youth; but all be modeſt, decent, comely, befitting our Natures as Men, our Characters as Chriſtians. And you, ye Fair, away with

with all forbidding Airs, all coy and tasteless Affectation; wear an eternal Smile in your Faces, and heighten your native Beauties by the Chearfulness of your Hearts: Join heartily, sincerely in the Joy; and let your Innocence and Humility, let your Modesty and Affability be equal. For you among us, whose Age and Experience have given a graver Turn to your Thoughts, to you surely I need not speak, to be prudent in your Behaviour: None of you, one would expect, would demean yourselves so far, as to make yourselves unworthy of the Veneration your Years exact from us; If you should, what I can further say will have but little Effect upon you.

In short, let us all be prudently merry; and reflect on what the wise Man tells us, that *a merry Heart does Good*, but then 'tis *like a Medicine*; and therefore like a Medicine it ought to be used, only at proper Occasions, and with just Restrictions: What those Restrictions are, your own Judgments will dictate to you; I shall therefore conclude with the wholesome Advice given in an old *English* Proverb; *Let us take Care to be merry and wise.*

NOW to GOD the Father, &c.

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SERMON

Preach'd at St. *Thomas*'s Church, on the Day ſet apart by his Excellency the Governor and his Council, to give GOD Thanks for the Conqueſt of the Rebels by his Royal Highneſs the Duke of CUMBERLAND.

Pſalm cxxii, 6, 7. *Pray for the Peace of* Jeruſalem; *they ſhall proſper that love thee. Peace be within thy Walls, and Proſperity within thy Palaces.*

WE are now (thank GOD) come to a Certainty about the Rebellion at home; we have full Accounts of it's being ſuppreſs'd, and of Peace and Proſperity being reſtored to thoſe Lands, from whence either we or our Fathers drew our Breath: That wicked and unnatural Rebellion, which was raiſed againſt a juſt and beneficent Prince, a Prince wakeful for the Good of his People; and which tended to the Deſtruction of all that was dear to us, our Liberties, and our Religion. Wiſely then has the Legiſlature done, in ſetting apart a Day for our ſolemn Rejoicing together; for our offering up to GOD the Sacrifices of Praiſe and Thankſgiving, for ſo great, ſo glorious a Mercy. This then is the Day, and to this End are we met together; to be merry and joyful, becauſe the Machinations of our proud Enemies are come to nought; to rejoice and ſing, becauſe we can ſtill ſit in Peace, every one under his own Vine, and his own Figtree; and to praiſe that good GOD, who, by the Interpoſition of his Providence, prevented our threatned Deſtruction: And withal, to pray further for the Peace of *Jeruſalem*; humbly and devoutly to aſk of the Divine Mercy, that he'll graciouſly

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p'eaſe to continue his Favour to us, that he will preſerve to our native Country the Enjoyment of our Liberties and Religion; and ſtill watch over us with a kind and protectful Eye, ſo as to confound the Devices of our Enemies againſt us.

We ourſelves indeed were at too great a Diſtance from the Scene of Action, to have our Share in the Danger; we were too far remov'd to be ſenſibly affected with the Miſeries hanging over the Heads of our Fellow Countrymen, and ſaw but from afar the horrid Devaſtations made by our inſulting Foes, in thoſe Places where they had ſucceeded. When we heard it, we would cry, we were concerned; but as we had no immediate Share in the Diſtreſs, ſo our Concern was but of little Continuance. But let us picture to ourſelves the dreadful Miſeries of a Civil War; let our Minds dwell a little on the conſtant Attendants of ſo great an Evil; and then certainly our Hearts muſt overflow with Pity for our wretched Countrymen, and we muſt pray very ſincerely indeed for the Welfare and Safety of *Jeruſalem*.

To have the hard and painful Labours of the toiling Farmer loſt and deſtroyed all at once; to hear his Children cry in vain for Bread, and his Oxen low for Fodder, and he have none to give them, when but late he had a beautiful Proſpect of great Plenty; to ſee his Family, deſtitute as they were, driven from their Habitations; or, at leaſt, his Houſe diſfurniſhed of all valuable he had in it; and, which is ſhocking indeed! perhaps to ſee his Wife and Daughters, before his Face, robb'd of their Honour, inhumanly raviſh'd by the villainous Soldier: Is not this a diſtreſsful State? and how, my Brethren, would you have been able to endure it? To ſee the Tradeſman, a late wealthy and happy, now diſconſolate and fearful, bereav'd of what he had for his whole Life before been anxiouſly amaſſing together; and mourning the Fate of his deſtitute little ones, whom but lately he expected to raiſe to a plentiful Fortune, by his own laudable Care and Induſtry; now he rejoices no more, that a Man Child is born into the World; and his poor, defenceleſs, dead-hearted Wife grieves ſhe was the Mother of ſo many unhappy Objects. O what real Cauſe is this for Grief and Mourning! and were not we happy indeed, in that we were exempt from ſuch terrible Misfortunes? To hear the great ones of the Land, them that ſit in the higheſt Places thereof, complain of Miſeries they never felt before; to have their noble and lofty Palaces ſtripp'd of all their coſtly Furniture, and left only a Heap of Ruins; to have their fruitful Lands, inſtead of gratefully repay-

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ing the honeſt Labours of the Countryman, trampled upon and ruin'd by a vile, ſour, unrelenting Set of Men, who are quite Strangers to Pity and Compaſſion: Inſtead of a Croud of Servants to wait their very Nod, to be obliged to wait on themſelves, and perhaps not know where to hide their Heads: Inſtead of marrying their lovely Daughters to Wealth and Power, to Honours and Abundance, not to be able to ſhield them from the Inſults of others, and to hear their pitiful Cries in vain; O Grief! O Horror! To ſee our Churches prophan'd, and our Altars thrown down, and the reverend Paſtor driven from his Flock; while they, depriv'd of the help of his friendly Hand, wander bewilder'd in a Heap of Misfortunes, and mourn the Loſs of his Preſence and Aſſiſtance. To have our aged Matrons and venerable old Men, whom a little more Time would quite have ripened for the Scythe, cut down before the Days of their Pilgrimage were fulfilled, and holding up in vain their weak trembling Hands, to implore the Pity of the mercileſs Soldier. To ſee our Maidens with Hair diſhevel'd, with ſwoln Eyes and blubber'd Cheeks, dragg'd to the horrid Embraces of a luſtful Villain. To have Brother war againſt Brother, and Son againſt Father. In ſhort, to have our Cities burn'd and deſtroy'd, our Grounds until'd, our Relatives and Dependents drooping for Want, and ourſelves helpleſs, undone, and unable to aſſiſt them. Theſe, theſe are all the ghaſtly Attendants on a civil War; and theſe *Great-Britain* in ſome Share has ſuffered; and all had undergone the ſame Fate, had not GOD in his good Providence interpos'd his all-powerful Hand, and ſtood up in our Defence: He, the great Lord of Battles, he bad the War to ceaſe, and it was ſtill; he reſtored Peace to our native Country, and repleniſh'd the Souls of it's Inhabitants with Joy. To him, therefore, all our Gratitude is due; to him be Glory and Praiſe for evermore.

YES, my Brethren, well may we thank our kind and Almighty Preſerver; for had our proud Enemies ſucceeded, we alſo had been involv'd in the general Ruin: All theſe Colonies muſt have yielded to the Conqueror, and have run the Fate of their Mother Country. And, O GOD! had they ſucceeded, how wretched, how miſerable had we been! better by far not to have liv'd, than to have liv'd under ſuch a Government. Inſtead of the mild, eaſy, gentle Sway, which his preſent gracious Majeſty exerciſes over his Subjects, we ſhould have been govern'd with a Rod of Iron; and the Conqueror's little Finger, like *Reboboam*'s, would be heavy indeed. What would then have become of that dear Liberty,

wherein now we ſo juſtly glory? What Rights, what Privileges ſhould we have had, but that of patiently ſubmitting to the imperious Will of an abſolute Maſter, if not of an abſolute Tyrant? for what can be greater Tyranny, than forcing Abſurdities upon the Underſtanding, and obliging us to believe them for Truths? And this would have been our Fate with Regard to Religion; for we muſt then have ſubmitted to all the Fopperies and Abſurdities of the *Roman* Church; Fopperies ſo great, and Abſurdities ſo manifeſt, ſupported with Arguments ſo weak, and Falſhoods ſo abominable, that to me it is the greateſt Wonder in the World, that any Man of common Senſe can be ſo blinded, as to follow and ſupport a Religion, that gives the Lie to every ſenſible Faculty about him.

THIS is really the Caſe of that Church, and this may be fully proved from their own Books and Writings. And yet this, terrible as it is, is the heavy Yoak o Slavery and Bondage; which we muſt have ſubmitted to, had the Pretender and his Accomplices triumph'd over us: And had our Conſciences been ſo tender, as to have refuſed; if we had had ſo much Integrity and Reſolution in us, as to have perſiſted in an Opinion, that a Stone can't be Bread, or an Herring an Oyſter; or, which is all one, that the Bread and Wine in the Lord's Supper can't poſſibly, by the Bleſſing of the Prieſt, be changed really and abſolutely into Fleſh and Blood, ſuch Fleſh and ſuch Blood as we carry about us, and the very ſame that our Lord carried about him, when he dwelt among us; I ſay, had we been ſo obſtinately honeſt as to have ſtood to this, then what remain'd for us but a *Smithfield* Fire? We muſt all have fallen Martyrs to the Truth; and with our Blood muſt we have ſeal'd our Faith. Let us but ſtand ſtill, and reflect upon this as we ought, and then we can't but fall down with Hearts full of Gratitude, and worſhip and praiſe that adorable Being, who ſo aſſiſted us in our Time of Trouble, and ſuffered not ſuch terrible infatuated Enemies to prevail againſt us.

BUT it is not enough to praiſe and bleſs GOD for the great Mercies already receiv'd, but we muſt alſo pray for the Peace of *Jeruſalem*: We muſt wiſh for Peace within her Walls, and Proſperity within her Palaces; and in order to this, we muſt beg of the Divine Being, to give ſuch a Spirit of Wiſdom and Underſtanding, of Honour and Truth, of Sincerity and Integrity, of Holineſs and Piety, unto all thoſe who, under his gracious Majeſty, have the Management of Affairs over us, that they may truly and faithfully

fully conſult and act to the Glory of GOD, to the Good of their Country, and to the Honour and Intereſt of their King: This, if we would be good Subjects, true Lovers of our Country, and true Aſſertors of it's Rights and Privileges, ought to be the Employ of us all; and there are none among us of ſo little Weight and Concern, but are able to do this Service to one another, to pray for the Welfare of our Country. And, if we ſincerely do this, the righteous GOD, that heareth all our Prayers, and governs all the Thoughts of Men, and all their Actions too, will make all Things tend to our Benefit and Happineſs; and all our Enemies Deſigns againſt us to be of as little Effect, as thoſe late Attempts that they have try'd.

BE we then, as we eaſily may, good Chriſtians, and good Subjects; let us deprecate the Divine Being, humbly, ſeriouſly, and devoutly; and then we can't fail of being heard, and that too with Succeſs; then we may ſtill hope to enjoy our Religion and Liberties under the happy Rule of the preſent reigning Family, and expect a Race of Princes, whoſe Tempers, as they are remarkably mild and gentle, ſo is their Love for, and Care over their People the reigning Paſſion of their Souls. *GOD, of his infinite Mercy, long preſerve them; and their Poſterity, on the Throne of* GREAT-BRITAIN; *and to this let all the People ſay, AMEN.*

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